TO PROVE HIS HONESTY

Obliging Farmer Ready to Show He's Not Man Wanted in Bond Theft.

Samuel Winfield Miller, a sturdy and respectable farmer, from near Cedar Rapids, Ia., obligingly came to town yesterday to show the United States government officials that he is not the Samuel Warren Miller they are looking for in connection with the $10,000 bond stolen from the Manhattan bank in 1879.

Dr. Lewis O. Wilcoxson tried to negotiate this bond, with the mysterous Miller ready to indorse it, before President Moyer, of the Shoe and Leather Bank. Dr. Wilcoxson was arrested, but freed on a technicality. Miller disappeared, and is now much wanted. In the course of the search of the federal authorities they came across the Iowa farmer, who happened to be an uncle of Dr. Wilcoxson, and during one period of his youth looked something like the greatly desired Miller. A photograph of old date shows this likeness.

Farmer Miller is a friend of the United States district atttorney and the Unted States marshal of the Cedar Rapids district. They advised him to come on to show that he is not the mysterious Miller. When he and his friend the marshal walked into the federal court yesterday they were told that the authorities could not attend to the affair until today.

"Turn your prisoner over to Marshal Henkel, who will lock him up," was the advice the Cedar Rapids Marshal received.

"Prisoner! Turn him over to be locked up!" exclaimed the western officer. "I guess not. My friend ain't going to be thrown into the Tombs or any other graveyard to please you fellows. He to the hotel, and me with him for mine."

So the Iowa marshal and his friend went away to reappear today.—New York World.

Played What He Liked.

A story of the English composer, Henry Smart, says Tit Bits has recently been revived. He played a fine organ in a London church and his recital after service attracted much attention; but one morning, after a selection from one of Mozart's Masses, a church warden came into the organ loft and "begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided that they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church.

"Very well sir,' was the answer, "it shall be altered."

Next Sunday dirge-like sounds proceeded from the organ, and the warden congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music. "I am glad you like it," answered Mr. Smart; "doubtless if I play it a little quicker you will see the reason why it affected you," and, suiting the action to the word, the popular strains of "Jump Jim Crow!" resounded from the organ. After this Henry Smart played what he liked.

Deepest Haul of a Net.

The deepest haul of a net ever made in the world was achieved by Americans off the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific.

The trawl struck bottom 23,000 feet below the surface; that is considerably more than four miles down, but even at that depth animal life was found. Those strange beings lived in water whose temperature was constantly just abov the freezing point, and under a pressure of 9,000 pounds to the square inch. To sink that net and bring it back again took a whole day of steady labor.—St. Nicholas

When a man commits a crime it should not be left with the victim or the friends of the victim to prosecute the case. Whether or not they want to see the criminal punished should have nothing to do with it.—Durham Herald.

SKETCH OF AN OLD TIME SLAVE

Type of the Negro That is Now Almost Extinct.

Strong Racial Characteristics of "Old Abe"—A Negative Fault Flush Times on the Cape Fear—The Passenger on Captain Skinner's Steamer Who Lost His Lard Bucket.

For The Messenger.

A day or two ago I was walking along South Winston street in Fayetteville, when, casually glancing down Franklin street, I saw coming toward me a familiar figure—so familiar that, sure of its identity, I waited until the pedestrian came up to the foot bridge at the intersection of the two streets. I am so fond of 'Old Abe" and have such genuine respect for him, that I never let slip an opportunity of passing the time of day with this estimable colored man. He has been called "Old Abe" for many years; was known thus when he was a stalwart, active man of middle age—probably from a staid, dignified bearing and a serious taciturnity which would not have misfit Mathuselah. He is truly "Old Abe" now bent and gray and hollow eyed, having lived to just a little more than three score and ten years.

But he is by no means superannuated; and, like old Martial in Scott's "Monastery," only "gie him a thought of time to it, and he can do as good a day's d'arg as ever he did in his life." He had an old tomato can in one hand and a fishing pole in the other when he came up to me the other afternoon; but anyone who supposed that "Old Abe" is a loafer, and spends his time nodding on the banks of a creek or around the sides of a mill pond, will have his mind disabused of that idea by visiting the negro's home in the extreme outskirts of the town. He is as the Scotch say, "well to pass in the world," owns his house, which is a comfortable cottage, with a plot of good, rich ground around it.

Here he raises vegetables and has a few trellises of fine grapes, for which he finds ready sale. He also does gardening jobs around town, and is a pretty fair cobbler, mending a boot or shoe neatly and at a reasonable rate. "Old Abe" has lost his wife and several children, and now has with him only a daughter, 22 years old, a strapping wench, "Mandy," who cooks the meals and keeps the house in order. A grocer told me not long since that "Old Abe" has been trading with him for years, buying what he needs during the week, and paying up on Saturday night, which he has failed to do in person but once in all that time when he was in bed with rheumatism, and sent "Mandy" with the money. If he keeps any memorandum the merchant has never seen it, but he always knows just what he owes, and carries the exact amount, tied in a linen rag.

Two immense sage brushes adorn the sides of the little porch of "Old Abe's" cabin and two rows of bachelor buttons along the walk to the little front gate contest supremacy with the useful vegetables on the premises. The interior of the house is neat and clean, and there is even a "company room," with a cheap curtain at the window, a fire-place screen covered with newspaper cuts, and on the wall red and blue pictures of George Washington and Frederick the Great of Prussia. This abode contains something else during the winter months which affords no little gratification to "Old Abe's friends—a barrel of persimmon beer, for the making of which he is famed, and it is hard to beat, with some of "Mandy's" fresh made molasses cakes.

"Old Abe" is more than ordinarily intelligent and has the gift of correct speech in a marked degree. This gift he comes by rightfully, for he was reared a slave in a highly educated, cultured family, and during his childhood and youth was house servant, with the very best surroundings, teaching and example. Unless excited, he rarely drops into what is called "negro dialect," except that he finds "th" difficult to articulate, saying "dis" and "dat," and "suh" for "sir." By the way, I have been thrown as much with negroes as any other southern man over sixty years of age, and, according to my observation, not one in fifty says "sah" for "sir;" it is always "suh."

"Old Abe's" political faith is absolutely simple, and abstractly considered, it is absolutely faultless. It is a system of pure eclectic optimism. He votes for men, not measures, and only asks which candidate is more capable and honest. He has generally voted the Democratic ticket, as there are more decent men of that party than of the other in this section, but I have known him to choose a Republican over a Democrat. The only time he ever allowed a political principle to enter into his calculations he exhibited a strange confusion of ideas. He refused to vote for W. J. Bryan because he was a "silver man." In vain did the friends of the candidate explain that the term signified only that Bryan wanted justice done to silver in the finances of the country. "Old Abe's" idea was fixed that Bryan would flood the country with silver dollars, for which he has a sovereign contempt, as a bulky, troublesome money wearing on the pockets and frugal stockings. He stands by the government greenback.

"Old Abe" has one negative fault, a singular one, considering his race, for the negro, if not deeply pious, is easily carried away by religious excitement. He never attends church, and has not been inside a church building for thirty years. The manner of his apostacy was this: Shortly after the Civil war when the Union League was organizing all over the south, a negro preacher made his appearance here who was both a political and religious apostle. He was a glib, slick fellow, holding forth every night in the suburbs to big crowds, and Abe was in the congregations. The preacher looked very sharply after the hat collection, and now and then hinted at some great plan for the benefit of the congregation, showing that he had a card up his sleeve which he had not yet ventured to produce.

One evening just after the services began, Abe noticed two white men step inside the church door, and very quietly take seats on the left. One was a stranger, but in the other Abe recognized a deputy sheriff which set him to wondering. Very soon the preacher got well underway, sauntering up and down the platform, and swinging his body and arms; until, turning around in one of his gyrations, his eye lighted on the two white men, and the sight of the stranger paralyzed him If he had not been so black he would have turned pale; he stammered, sputtered, looked behind him, saw an open window, grabbed his hat, but left his umbrella , and sprang through it like a cat. The officers were as quick as he. One darted through the door, the other followed the game right through the window and the fugitive was captured after a hot chase. He had been tracked from a neighboring town, where he had cruelly defrauded a negro congregation by an arrant swindle, and over $200 of their money was found in his possession.

"Old Abe's" disgust was unspeakable. There was a brutal rascality and hypocrisy about the fraud which shocked his sense of right and inherent manhood, from which he could not recover. He withdrew his subscription to the church, and declared that he would risk getting to heaven by "his own hand"—a determination to which he has stuck to this day. But if he is not a church goer he reads his Bible at night by the light of his pine knot fire; and, as he once assured me, he wrestles and agonizes in prayer powerfully with the Lord to snatch that girl "Mandy" as a "brand from the burning.' "Mandy" is a good,smart cook and housekeeper, but she is young, likes beaux, "festibuls," cake walks and dances, and the old man finds it almost impossible to keep her at home of nights. He might utter the complaint of the melancholy showman at the fair:

"Since Mary Ann has learned to dance,
I don't know what I'll do;
This out all night till the broad daylight,
A tripping the Ti-Ra-Loo!
A tripping the Ti-Ra-Loo!"

The sale the other day of the steamer "City of Fayetteville," for $11,750—costing $30,000 to build, exclusive of its expensive wharfs, automatic freight and passenger lifts, and bonded for $125,000—set me to thinking of old flush times on the Cape Fear river, when the steamers plied the waters, loaded with goods to the gunwale, and the saloons and staterooms were full of passengers. There was nothing of any exciting interest about the journey between Wilmington and Fayetteville, but the trip was always pleasant. The captain walked his quarter deck "monarch of all he surveyed," but he was a kindly autocrat, and his passengers were his well cared for family.

Captain S. W. Skinner, now a citizen of Wilmington, was for many years a steamboat captain on the Cape Fear, and no man was more cordially liked and more highly esteemed than he throughout Fayetteville and from one end of the river to the other.

One night, many years ago, when Captain Skinner was commanding the steamer Hurt or Governor Worth, he was on one of his up trips from Wilmington to Fayetteville. It was cold, sleety weather, and the mate, wrapped up to his ears, slipped and slided on the decks as he made his rounds. The sparks rushed out from smoke stack in angry battle array against the deepening gloom, and the laboring craft churned the black, cold waters in impatience of her dreary task. The interior of the saloon was cosy and comfortable ,with a good fire in the great box stove, but it was almost deserted, for the passengers going all the way through, after the evening spent in talk and cards, had retired to their berths.

A long awkward looking, typical backwoodsman, in a saffron jeans suit and sandy chin whiskers, was alone awake and restless—sitting on a rocking chair near the stove, spitting tobacco juice now into the spittoon on the left and then on the right, and peering anxiously through the cabin windows. Finally a pine torch was seen waving on the river bank a few hundred yards ahead, the whistle blew frantically the deck hands were heard stamping about, and the passenger rose to his six lank feet of stature, and gathered up his bundles.

The boat rounded to, the captain gave his quick, sharp commands, the engine puffed and groaned in discordant protests at being stopped in such weather, then egro roustabonts jumped out on the bank, and carried a rope around a big juniper tree, the gang plank was put out—and then there was a pause. "Where in thunder is the passenger to get off here?" demanded Captain Skinner. "Hasn't come down from the upper deck, sir." "Go after him, and bring him down; we can't stop here all night!" The mate found the dilatory passenger marching deliberately up and down the saloon, turning over chairs, ransacking cushions, looking behind doors, etc."

"Come,get out of here,man; you are keeping the boat waiting." "Well, mister, I carried down four pounds of lard to sell in Wilmington, and I can't find the empty tin bucket, high ner low!" There was no further parly. The mate marched him out of the cabin by the shoulders, and he and the captain had him over the gang-plank in a jiffy.

The passenger stood on the bank in the glare of the pine torch in the hands of his son, who had come down to wait for him. He watched the rope and the plank pulled aboard, the bow of the steamer swing out to the middle of the stream, and the sheet of sparks lengthen out to a broad sparkling ribbon on the curtain of the night, as the boat passed on its way. He was silent, but he was thinking about something—and what he was thinking about will develop presently.

Two or three trips after this the Hurt going to Wilmington, was very late, having been delayed several hours at Fayetteville by an unusually heavy freight, and was putting forth every effort to make up for lost time. About 10 o'clock Captain Skinner, passing through the cabin, stopped to look over the shoulder of one of a quartette at whist, when there was a quick, sharp blow of the whistle; and, with an impatient exclamation at the stoppage when he was in such a hurry he went out on the deck, to see a torch waving on the river bank below—it was the lard bucket man's landing.

There he stood, looking on with languid interest while the steamer was put in to the bank and the gang plank thrown out, down to the end of which he strode, and hailed: "Is that the steamer Hutt?" "Why, blame your fool soul, you know it's the Hurt!" "is that Captain Skinner?" "Confound your picture, come aboard, if you are coming!" "I don't want to git aboard, but if that's the Hurt and that's Captain Skinner, I jist wanted ter know if he had found my lard bucket yit."

Words were inadequate to that situation. The captain gave just one wild sweeping gesture of arms and hands to signify to the pilot to go ahead, and dived into his stateroom. I cannot give the thoughts of the backwoodsman as he tossed his torch into the river and ascended the bank, because I do not know what those thoughts were—as Dickens said about Job Trotter, when he outwitted Mr. Samuel Weller.

J. H. M.

Fayetteville, May 9.

How H. H. Rogers Spelled Isaiah.

When Mr. Henry H. Rogers was not attending school—and also when he was—he delivered a New Bedford Newspaper to its subscribers on a small salary and in this way became an early journalist, writes John S. Gregory in the May Worlds' Work.

"The way of it was this," reports an old resident of Fairhaven. "The paper was the Standard; so you see Henry began with the Standard and he's in the Standard line yet—oil added, with a big O. He heard that the carrier was going to quit his job, so he got some recommendations and went over and applied. Mr. Anthony, the owner, explained to him that he was starting a daily and already had forty-two subscribers, and Henry would have to carry the weekly and daily both, but he would get seventy-five cents for the whole job. Henry took him up.

"Then Mr. Anthony said, 'Now, my boy, there's another thing: you can act as agent and get subscribers and have a commission—ten cents for every new weekly subscriber, and twenty-five for a daily.' Henry took him up, and went right out and scored one on the daily, turned in the money and called for his commission. That was soon fixed.

"'What's the subscribers' name?' says Mr. Anthony. 'Isaiah West,' says Henry. Mr. Anthony wrote it down on the list. Then he turned and says, 'How do you spell Isaiah?' Henry out with it, letter for letter, and no rebate anywhere.

"Mr. Anthony looked at him full of admiration and says, 'You'll do! There ain't three people outside of the pulpit that can plow through that name and not get stuck.'

"Well, the subscriptions streamed in pretty fast, for Henry was tending to business. Pretty fast for four days, then Henry struck for a hundred per cent. raise on his weekly wages. What for?' says Mr. Anthony, surprised. 'You've doubled the daily in four days,' he says, 'and collected 25 cents on every new one. Come—what's the explanation?' 'It was a fifty-cent bundle before,' says Henry—'put it on the scales and see; it weighs a dollars' worth now.' 'Hanged if you won't do!' says Mr. Anthony, admiring him again. And he stood the raise like a man.

"Well, Mr. Anthony was telling these things around, about the boy's intellectuality and learning, and there was a doubting neighbor, who thought them pretty austerely over and went to Henry and says, 'Look here, how did you know how to spell Isaiah?'

"But Henry was always honest, and he answered up and says, 'I'm long sighted and I saw him write it.'"

The Origin of Slang.

"Here's where I butt in,' said the goat, making for the children, according to the New York Sun.

"I'm getting it in the neck," grumbled the bull, as Ursus gave him another twist.

"Come off your perch," growled tabby, making another spring at the cage.

"I'm in the soup," gasped the oyster, as he dropped to the bottom of the plate.

"You're a bird," said the fox, as he gobbled up another hen.

"Don't try to string me,' said the rattler to the blacksnake, coiling himself into a plumbline.

"It's a leadpipe cinch," said the rat, gnawing his way through another piece of pipe.

"I've got the drop on you," shrieked the hawk, as he landed on another chicken.

"Things are coming my way," said the bear, dodging another bullet.

"My goose is cooked," said the wild gander, dropping to the ground with a broken wing.

"Quit your kidding," exclaiming the fish, as the bait dropped into the water.

"Those fellows are nutty," said the rabbit, pointing to the squirrel family eating lunch.

"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting on the sticky paper.

"I can see my finish," murmured the lamb as he entered the slaughter pen.

HIT AT SOFT SNAP PREACHERS

The Rip-Saw Says They are Generally Found in Large Cities.

They Keep an Ear to the Ground to Hear a Call Where More "Dough" is Offered—When They Can Hear the Lord Call and When They Cannot.

Now if there is anything on earth that the Rip-Saw does dislike, it is some black-gowned, sanctimonious six for a quarter preacher, who is eternally log-rolling and scheming with some church official who is higher up the ladder of churchdom than himself, and endeavoring to land "a soft snap job" in some city, where he will only have to preach about twice a week, and pray a short little prayer on Wednesday night. But we have them in very large cities, and we have a good number of them in smaller towns, who are laying the wires to get into big cities, where they can loaf around six days in the week, and visit the millionaires and preach forty minutes on Sunday, and draw a salary of from three thousand to five thousand dollars per year.

After you let one of these "eye-glass reprobates get his claws on a city job, you can just bet your life that he is not going to turn it loose to go out to some "post oak" appointment in the country, it matters not how loud the Lord may call—in fact, they would permit the Lord to use a megaphone, and then pretend that they never heard him, rather than part with their city soft-snap.

All congregations have these soft-snap preachers in them, but we do not say that all city preachers are of this class, but we do say that the majority of them that rant around in some gold-rimmed pulpits, are of this class, and have no more influence for good than the braying of a jackall would have on the conscience of a billy-goat.

They will scheme around and switch from Presiding Elder to pastor, or from some other official position in the church, which pays a good fat salary, but you will never find one of them asking to be transferred to some country charge, unless there is more coin in the job than there is in the one they hold in the city, but if there is more "dough' attached to the job in the country or some other city than there is in the job they possess, you will soon see them with their ear to the ground, listening for the Lord to call them, and about the next Sabbath after they have been offered a better paying job than they hold, they will moisten their eyes with a little saliva or cut up a bushel or two of onions before they go to church, in order to cry, and at the end of the service they will inform their congregation, that "the Lord has called them to a new field,' when the fact of the matter is, that the Lord would not know them if he was to meet them in broad daylight, as he never had an introduction to them.

You take the preachers of today; we mean big city preachers, who preach to the millionaires, and you will find them just as dead bent and hell bent on money as the commonest barkeeper on earth, as these preachers, as well as the barkeepers, run their business for "revenue only."

Our modern "dollar-chasing" big city preachers can put their ear to the ground and hear the Lord call them clear across the continent, but you must bear in mind that they are as deaf as beetles until the call has been reduced to writing, with a salary stipulation in the contract, but as soon as that is all arranged, they can hear a whisper from the Lord during a cyclone, but if there is no increase in the salary, or something or other, which which make it to their interest to move, these soft-snap preachers will put on that pious, sanctimonious, seven dollar and a half look, and will declare to their congregation that "they could not bear to leave them, and that they think they can do the most good where they are."

We have noticed for a long time that you hardly ever see any religion in our large cities, or at least you can't notice it; and we would not give a continental cuss for a religion you couldn't tell a fellow had, for if we are going to have something, we don't want to have somebody tell us that we have got it, before we know we have got it, but our soft-snap city preachers, should they get a strange dose of religion would call in every doctor in the neighborhood to learn what was the matter with them, as a good old-fashioned dose of old-time religion would scare them out of their pants.

The funny thing with our modern city Christians is, that you can't tell them by their actions from the mangiest kind of a sinner, as they will drink a little, gamble a little, cuss a little, and swindle their great-grandmother; but still our soft-snap preachers will cater to this class and give the world to understand that this herd of scoundrels are on their road to glory, when, if the devil thought there was any change of any of the mdying, he would sit up three weeks without a minute's sleep, to get his clutches on them.

Our modern soft-snap preachers never preach a hallelujah, rip-roaring, all wool and a yard wide religion, and if some old country brother or sister would happen to drop into one of their churches and would get a little warm under the collar, and would shout a little shout, these soft-snap cusses would throw up their eyebrows, and make their eyes look like skinned oranges; in fact, these fellows will do as far as to tell you that it is only the ignorant or the low born that get happy in the service of God, and they will further tell you that it is nothing but 'excitement,' whenever a man or woman gets enough religion to shout a little, but still these modern "coin chasers" will work themselves into a sweat, which will make them smell like a brindle billy goat, over the prospects of getting a raise in salary, but still they will tell us that none but the "ignorant" become happy and shed tears of gladness in the service of God, when these soft-snap preachers know no more about heartfelt religion than a tom-cat knows about the efficacy of Peruna, or the bowel-moving properties of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

You never see one of these little city primped-up "sky-pilots" with his sleeves rolled up and fighting old nick, like the village preachers, who preach from a heart full of love for humanity—oh, no, not they, as they are out for "salve" and not "souls."

It is true that big city churches have better music than the village churches—that is, more noise and more horns to make the noise with, but the Rip-Saw has never been able to understand much that was said while they were singing, but the nearest we have ever come to understanding any of their "high-falutin" singing, was a few Sundays ago; we attended a service where the choir sang something that sounded to us like

"Johnnie fill the punch bowl, punch bowl, punch bowl,
Johnnie fill the punch bowl quick, I say.'

Now we do not say that this is exactly what they sang, but the above is as near what they did say as we could understand.

We do not say that all preachers who float into our large cities to get jobs, become "nickle pickers," but we do say that the majority of them, if they have any religion at all, are hogs enough to keep it to themselves, as they never help anyone else get much.

Now a preacher who will set his traps for a soft snap, is the meanest, low-downest, stinkenest hypocrite that ever deceived man, and whenever he gets his just deserts he won't be in hell fifteen minutes until he will resemble a piece of bacon skin, that some old farmer's wife has used to grease skillets with for six months, as we are quite sure that the devil will introduce him to the corner where they use the best brand of brimstone.

Now you can't expect our preachers to wield an influence for good, unless they practice what they preach, and no preacher on earth can wield an influence for good that always has his eyes peeled for a better paying job than he's got, as a preacher that is always looking out for "profit" is one that instead of having a godly influence is a drawback to the man or woman of sincere convictions, and men and women who believe in principle.

The "political log-rolling" preacher, who is always fishing for a better salary, is exactly the "skunk' who is responsible for men and women having such little respect for our churches.—National Rip-Saw.

A Dignified Farewell

A number of editors throughout the country have watched the passing of the St. Paul Globe. It was a gentlemanly and dignified end. It might also be said that the publishers died game. The New York Sun had this kind word to say of them:

"Our late esteemed contemporary, the St. Paul Globe, kept its promise and went out of business on Saturday last. The terminal number of the Globe is now before us, with its full exhibit of the news of the day, gathered with enterprise and displayed with journalistic judgment, its editorial page crowded with able and interesting comment on a variety of topics, including the theme "There'll Be No Tomorrow," and its cheerful "Good-by' at the bottom of the last column. While not particularly inclined to sentimental reflection over events of this sort, the Sun does not mind saying that it recalls no case in which a departure was more creditably conducted and a professional duty more bravely performed up to the last moment of breathing."

The Globe was a high-toned journal that, in and out of season, reflected credit both upon itself and the city in which it was published. It deserved to live, but sufficient support was denied it. One difficulty is that the general public has little conception of the vast amount of money that it takes to publish a newspaper. A very large sum is required to publish papers even in the smaller cities of the country. If the public did realize these things we believe that no merchant, for instance, who had any interest in the growth of his home town, would resort to any of the multitude of schemes, all of doubtful value, which have been evolved from the minds of those who appear to be continually casting about for some method of taking their advertising from the legitimate newspaper channel. —Asheville Gazette-News.

The Black Art of Magis

Nina Carter Marlbourg in Leslie's Weekly.

In every sort of magic the magician's thumb is his worst enemy. If he could strike off that thumb and still have its assistance when necessary he would be a happy man. In closing the hand the thumb usually bends toward the palm in advance of the fingers. In this way it many times is much in the way, the practice is necessary to get a magician's thumb in perfect training. But when he has practiced in the school for some time the thumb becomes so flexible that it will bend nearly to the back of the hand. Cards are invariably the beginning of a magician's education. In handling cards the thumb is especially in the way, and this is the reason why this trickery with the paste boards is selected for the beginner. To change one card for another in front of one's very eyes, and still to have made no perceptible movement of the hand, is a trick that the boys learn to perform before they have been in the school for any great length of time. This, as may be imagined, is a difficult piece of work to become proficient in, and here is just the place where determination plays a great part in the boy's success.

The Missouri legislature promptly killed a bill which Governor Folk offered making bribery a felony. The legislators remember that constitutional provision protecting a man from giving incriminating evidence against himself.—Roanoke News.